

(TMI Focus, Vol. XX, No. 1, Winter 1998)

DYING DIFFERENTLY

by Judith and John Kopp

Judith Kopp, painter and spiritual seeker, attended the GATEWAY VOYAGE® in November, 1995. That week felt like a true homecoming to her. Little did she realize that one of the most important benefits of that experience would be the understandings and resources she could offer to family and friends. This was especially true for her friend and former life partner, John, as he made his transition in September.

Teacher, businessman, and world traveler, John Kopp spent much of his life in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. When John was diagnosed as having a short time to live due to cancer, he became interested in using The Monroe Institute's *GOING HOME*® program designed for people with terminal illness. John was an enthusiastic participant and described his positive experiences in his debriefing sessions. He looked forward to a new kind of travel, to nonphysical levels where he would be quite "alive" and yet free from pain once his physical body was pronounced clinically and legally "dead." Since I am a certified grief support counselor and a Monroe Institute graduate, John arranged for me to help him do the program, specifically the final tapes instructing him on his final journey after leaving the physical realm. The photograph shows John listening to *GOING HOME* during his last week, just prior to staying on the other side.

John opted to suffer the pain of the warrior's path, because he felt hospitalization would be adopting a humiliating victim's role. *GOING HOME* provided both spiritual strength and the conviction that his transition into the world beyond was a journey to look forward to, by allowing him to personally observe where he was going and to personally know that his transformation would be beautiful. I stress the word "personal" here. John was not relying on secondhand accounts but rather his own observations and experiences to prepare for his journey. Thus, it became a journey into the familiar instead of a "final unknown" that those uneducated to the transformation process still call death.

The ambulance crew, police, hospice team, and funeral director all cooperated fully, allowing me to complete the final *GOING HOME* tapes per John's instructions before his body was removed. This man therefore chose and completed the journey out of his body with a positive sense of where he was headed, what he would encounter, and without fear of that "unknown" which everyone must face eventually.

John's experience after our twelve-year-old son Johnny was killed accidentally in Sri Lanka can be found on page 207 of the Guggenheim book *Hello from Heaven*. Johnny appeared to John, spoke to him, let his father know that he was "OK." This occurrence helped John to have

personal confidence that there is no “death”—that human beings simply transfer their life-energy from the physical to higher levels of nonphysical consciousness.

Excerpts from John Kopp’s journal and debriefing sessions—September 9, 1997

Session I

The illustration of the butterfly emerging from the cocoon into a new and glorious transformation was perfect, perfect. I really enjoyed that. I was guided in facing my wishes before leaving the earth and I think that I am ready to come home. I dealt with issues of regrets, guilt, and forgiveness, and the song of Frank Sinatra came to mind: “Regrets, I have a few, but then again, too few to mention.” [He drew musical notes for the song in his notebook.] At the time I did the best that I could with the data/information that I had.

Only hindsight, new and better data, makes it seem a mistake—and this a regret. Johnny’s death taught me this!!!! I learned so much so late.

I am relaxing. I am lying down at Judy’s home. I get up from Judy’s house and walk to Mom’s front door and down the steps. There are shops; she and I liked to shop. I go across the front lawn. Now I am outside the stairs at the trailer in Thompson (Ohio). I go across the country meadow to the dead elm tree. I meet the green bird. He tells me to fly with him, but I tell him that I don’t know how to fly (as per the instructions of Mr. Monroe). I am then guided to see an airplane. I see a white plane with a blue dot. Then I am guided to a helicopter. I get into the chopper and go up into the clouds. I see the fields of Thompson below.

After a while I am out of the chopper and I soar, like in Jonathan Livingston Seagull. I soar around and through the clouds. I see clouds and a rainbow and fly to it. Johnny is in the rainbow. He is wearing his red Toughskin jeans with his blue shirt... his blond hair... He waves at me like he did in Jeddah when he visited me after he died. I thought to talk to him, but he said, “No, Dad. Don’t talk. I know.” We hold. Hug. And soar together. He tells me, “Don’t talk. Just wait. It gets better.” We soar and I am filled with indescribable love. Oh, God. Oh, God. We fly out of the clouds, and partway down, Johnny stops. He says, “Go back. You’ll be back.” I say, “Bye.”

Session II

The Park. The Park is the place we go after we leave our physical form. It is a place to rest if we had a difficult transition out of our physical form. We rest there and then proceed to our destination. In the Park I am aware of ‘40s and ‘50s cars. There are many people there, but I am an observer at this time. As it is not my time to be there yet, I fall asleep and I no longer feel my pain.

Session III

I am at Level 16. I am soaring at about 600 feet. Judy is below looking up at me and waving. Rhett and Becky [their son and daughter] join her and also Jim, Tom and Rosie, all the Jeddah school folks, George and Sharon and the kids. Everyone! The land ends, things stop, and I soar. A voice tells me to “send a signal” back to those I am leaving behind me. I’m not sure at first how to send them a signal, but then I understand and send like vibrations back to the people waiting on earth. My vibrations tell them, “I’m at peace. Peace to you.” Then it is dark. But it is getting lighter and lighter. In the light I see Mom, Dad, Johnny, Uncle Eddy, Uncle Jimbo, Fred, Baba, Grams, everyone.

Bright light! Very bright light! We are at like an ice castle, or a huge mound or mass of bright crystal ice filled with light. Each of the people that I know there take turns leading me up into the center of this large ice castle and then going away over and through passages, up toward the end of the ice at the top, and it gets brighter and brighter. The voice says if you want to go back say “One” (consciousness level one, physical level). I reply, “Noway.” I soar up and out of the ice ... soooooooooo bright!!!! [John drew rays of light.] All are behind me. I’m going... going... going...

Session IV

This is my instruction to detach from consciousness one, earth plane. I am relaxed. Sometimes I have trouble putting the pain away in the energy conversion box. I am at consciousness level 21.1 put my arms around the universe, the solar system. I turn around, looking back. I can see everything... all at once. The big things, their shapes and sizes. Big things like concepts and ideas. Little minute things like shapes and sizes. Little minute happenings and experiences. But the terms big and small don’t mean anything anymore. It is so nice just to be away from them, to know that they don’t mean anything. It is perfect relaxation. It is relaxing, nice.

Judy’s afterword:

The hospice nurse came in then. I had made an appointment with John’s doctor that he did not keep; he took his leave half an hour earlier. It was time for him to be on his way, to his spiritual life. Rhett will take John’s ashes to Hawaii and scatter them from the Mauna Kea volcano, where the air is the purest on earth and where trade winds will carry them over the world John traveled.

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